

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

OUR WITH ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

PHIL. CORINTHIANS.

VOL. XIX.

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NO. 9.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

AMONG all the buildings of the world which are noted for their magnificence and stability, the cathedral of Cologne, Germany, occupies no inferior place. Built as though capable of resisting decay for many ages yet to come, it still has a light and beautiful appearance, the result of the excellent carving and other ornamental work with which its exterior is covered.

The towers of this edifice, which are the highest in the world, may be seen at a distance of many miles, but only when one is close to the building can he form any conception of the great amount of means and labor its erection must have cost. The removal of the scaffolding which surrounded the edifice, and which was necessary to its erection, required the labor of one hundred men for three years.

The first idea of a cathedral on this spot is said to have originated in the year 814, when the archbishop of the city caused a house of worship to be erected, of much smaller dimensions, however, than the present building. Even the humble church of those early times became quite renowned because of the remains of eminent divines which were therein deposited. But in 1248 a fire reduced it to ashes. The corner stone of the present noble edifice was, according to some authorities, laid in the same year, but others affirm that it was not commenced until the year 1270.

To whom the honor is due for the plans of this fine architectural work, the records of the church do not state; but what history fails to proclaim the writers of legend have sought to supply by saying his Satanic majesty originated the design, but the plans were stolen from him by an ambitious young man to whom he was exhibiting them.

Although this building was commenced at so early a period, it was not completed until the year 1880. Previous to the

time of the Reformation, the work was carried on, at times, with great rapidity and then, again, very slowly; but when religious matters were in such an unsettled condition, the work not only ceased on the structure itself, but that which was completed was not kept in proper repair.

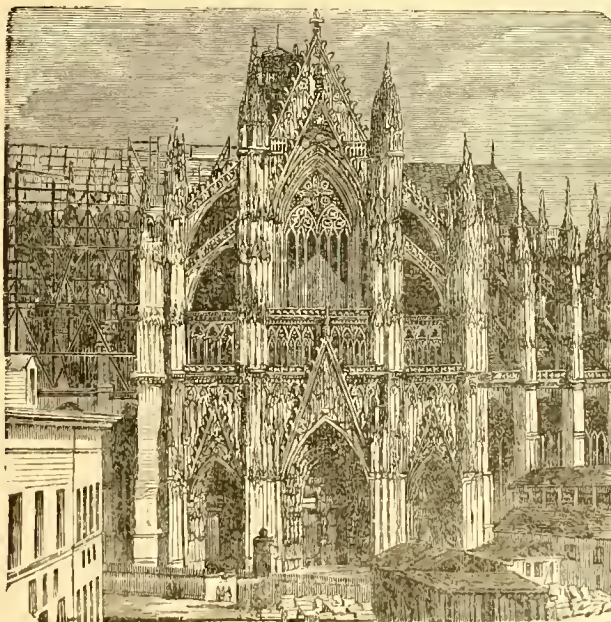
In the beginning of the present century the beauties of the Cologne cathedral first began to be recognized. The critics of art realized that in it was a grand masterpiece, and so proclaimed it to the German nation. As a result, societies were formed in various parts of the nation, having for their object the collection of means to complete the far-famed church. By

this means progress was made, and when, in 1842, the king of Prussia contributed largely towards its completion, and began to take a personal interest in the matter, renewed diligence was exhibited which did not abate until the cap stone was laid.

The cathedral is built in the form of a cross, of which our engraving represents the south entrance. It would be useless to attempt a description of this most magnificent part. With its carvings, each of which is a gem of skill, its colored glass windows of the very best make, and its harmony of parts, it forms a picture which artists cannot grow weary of viewing, and which is worthy of a visit from every lover of ornament and art.

The interior finish of the whole structure is beautiful in the extreme, and is not inferior to that of the outside. This place, besides being the resting place of some noted individuals, is also the repository for treasure of various kinds, amounting in value to several millions of francs.

To be good, and yet be disagreeable, is a thing very hard to accomplish.



MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

AN INSPIRED PRAYER.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

IN the Spring of 1879, I was called on a mission to the United States, and started on the 13th of April with a company of Elders bound for Europe, and a few others who were to go to different parts of the United States.

I had been appointed to Iowa, and was directed by Apostle F. D. Richards to commence my labors in Sioux City, of that State. When leaving Salt Lake City it was expected that I would travel alone, as no one had been appointed to travel with me. As we approached Omaha, however, Elder Palmer, who had been appointed to preside over the North Western States' mission, thinking it rather too bad for so young and so inexperienced an Elder to start out alone, arranged to travel with me a few weeks before going on to Michigan, where he expected to make his headquarters.

We arrived in Sioux City on Saturday afternoon, and finding a brother by the name of Gibbs, we took up our abode at his house.

Sunday morning I was anxious to attend service at some one of the numerous churches of the city, and witness how they conducted their worship; for I had never taken the pains to visit any of the churches of the so-called Christian denominations in Utah. On inquiring who the most eloquent preacher was, I was informed that a Mr. McLeod was regarded as such, and that he held forth at the First Baptist church.

As Brother Palmer and I stepped into the church we found the pastor engaged in prayer, and what was my surprise to hear him say: "O, Lord, help us to understand that we have enough of Thy word; that the canon of scripture is full. Help us to believe, O Lord, that the awful voice of prophecy will no more be heard; help us to believe that revelation has ceased and that Thou wilt no more speak to man."

Well, thought I, there is a wide difference between the ideas contained in that parson's prayer and what we are going to preach. We, of course, were sent to tell the people that God had again spoken from the heavens, and had restored the gospel of Christ, together with all its spiritual gifts—inspired dreams, revelations, prophecy, etc. That preacher's prayer, therefore, was directly opposed to what we had to declare to the people. It began to force itself upon my mind, in spite of the unpleasantness of the thing, that the preacher was inspired, but the inspiration was not of God.

Service over, the pastor came to us, and as he shook hands, said: "You are strangers to me, gentlemen, but I am glad to see you. Do you live in the city?"

"No, Mr. McLeod," said I, "we are two 'Mormon' Elders from Utah; we have a message to deliver to the people of this city. Will you permit us to hold a few meetings in your church?"

It is needless to say the man was astonished. I was too, for we did not expect to apply for his church. I had said nothing about it to Elder P., but it came to my mind, so I asked him, "just for luck."

The confused preacher uttered a few incoherent words—what they were I have now forgotten—but it seemed to me that he had changed his mind and was not so glad to see us as at first. He made a few erratic turns around the room, and, coming back to where we were standing, said he would pre-

sent our request to the stewards of the church. They refused to grant it.

Going outside of the church, we found that most of the congregation were lingering about the entrance. Elder P. called their attention, and gave out notice of a meeting we were going to hold at the house of Brother Gibbs that evening.

During the week we hired a hall in the central part of town under the Hubbard hotel. We had a notice of our meetings printed in the daily papers; and also had a few hundred handbills, announcing our meetings, struck off. Sister Gibbs made us a bucket of paste and furnished us with a brush. I took charge of these, and Elder P. took a bundle of our bills under his arm. Thus equipped we started out and "billed" the town. It seemed to me we stuck our notices everywhere.

I must confess, however, that it was a little galling to my pride to become a bill-poster, and it was only a strong sense of duty that induced me to do it. As I was daubing the paste on a lamp post where we were going to stick our last bill, I quoted this scripture: "He that is ashamed to own me before men, him will I be ashamed to own before my Father and all His holy angels."

Elder P. suddenly looked up and said: "We haven't put up one of these things yet, but what I have repeated to myself that very passage of scripture."

They were the first words we had spoken to each other for over an hour. After that, I more than half suspected that Elder Palmer wasn't very fond of bill-posting.

The first night of our appointment at the hall we had quite a large congregation, and it fell to my lot to speak first. The hall was long and narrow, with a large double door opening to the main street of the town; there was also a door in the opposite end, and close to this was arranged our "stand."

I had not been speaking long when a volley of clubs and brickbats came crashing against the front door. This created some confusion, but all was quiet in a few minutes, and I continued my remarks. Presently there came a second volley of brick-bats, this time at the rear door, and as I was only about three feet from it, and was not expecting that kind of a salute, it rather startled me. I guess I jumped two feet straight up, and then I was vexed. It was only with great difficulty that I kept from saying something more emphatic than appropriate. You see, I was not so used to the customs of this enlightened and Christian (?) world then as I am now; I had been reared in benighted (?) Utah, where every man is free to utter his honest thought unmolested. No further disturbance occurred.

We continued to hold meetings, but the attendance kept getting smaller. At our eighth meeting in the hall there was but one listener present. We bore our testimony to him, and returned to the house of Brother Gibbs.

The next day we baptized four persons—all members of the family of Brother G. They had disposed of their property, and expected to start for Utah in a few days.

We wrote an article for the city papers, telling them of the restoration of the gospel, and bore our testimony to the truth of the things we affirmed. We also warned them of the judgments of God which would shortly overtake the nations. This done, we bade adieu to our friends, who had so kindly administered to our necessities, and took train for the north-eastern part of the State.

I have often thought, what a contrast between the prayers of Paul, the Apostle, and this learned divine of modern times, Mr. McLeod! The latter prayed that men might *not* believe

in revelation and prophecy, and asked God to help them so to believe. The former said: "After I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the Saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the *spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him*" (Eph. i, 15-17).

A REMINISCENCE OF CENTRAL ASIA.

"I'VE always heard," remarked I to my friend, Lieutenant M—, as we sat at our late tea, in Samarcand, at a table put right out in the open street in front of his quarters, after the primitive eastern fashion—"I've always heard that that belt of huge reeds along the Syr-Daria, just opposite Tchinzaz, was a great place for tigers; but when I passed through it the other day on my way here, I didn't see one, although the reeds were broken every here and there, as if by the passing and re-passing of some large beast."

"Well, they are pretty rare now, but you still meet with them occasionally; it's only a few years since an officer of ours killed two of them in the very place you're speaking of. There used to be a good many, too, in the jungle around the Fort Perovski; but now the likeliest place for them is along the Ili, up towards the Chinese border—they fairly swarm there. You see, we haven't disturbed the region much as yet; there's only one post-road through the whole of it; but when we begin to improve it likewise, Messieurs les Tigres will have to emigrate."

"Have you ever fallen in with any of them yourself?"

"I have, indeed, and in a way I didn't much like. One night I was camping out on the road from Vernoe to Kouldja, and slept (if you can call it so) in the jungle, with the damp creeping into my very bones, and the mosquitoes about me by thousands upon thousands. When morning came, and there was just light enough to see where things were, I was startled by my horse shying suddenly, and trembling all over. And there, not thirty yards from where I stood, I saw, grinning through the bushes, the head of a full-grown tiger!"

"And what did you do?"

"Well, before he could make a spring, I made one—which was up into my saddle—and away as hard as I could pelt; for, having no weapon but my revolver, and no one with me but my Tartar guide (who was worth nothing in a fight), I judged the best tactic to be 'an orderly retreat.'"

"I quite agree with you there; but was that your last experience of them?"

"No, indeed—I'd a much more serious adventure about a year later. But, before I begin to tell it, let's have the glasses filled again. Ostap, more tea!"

Ostap (a tall, wiry Cossack, with the scar of a Bokhariote yataghan across his low forehead), refills the tumblers out of which tea is always drunk by Russians; and the Lieutenant, after sipping in silence for a minute or two, strikes into the second part of his story:

"It was in the Summer of 1871, when we were going against the Tarantehis before Kouldja, the time that we beat them in that great battle among the mountains, and took the town. Well, just before the battle, I was out with a small scouting party along the Ili, right through the low rice-grounds. You

saw those rice fields on the other side of the Tehepan-Ata Hills, didn't you, just before coming to the Zer-Affshan?"

"Yes, it was just sunrise when I passed through them."

"And what did you think of them?"

"I thought them one of the nastiest bits I'd ever seen."

"Well they're nothing to those on the Ili, just nothing at all. All that's not water is mud, and all that's not mud is mosquitoes. I never had such a time of it in my life; and, when we got into the regular jungle, it seemed quite comfortable in comparison."

Now, one of the men with me was my servant, Andrei Goorko, a Cossack of the right sort, and one of the best men in my company. The morning we started, he had looked rather glum and chopfallen, because as he explained to me on the road, he had dreamed that he saw his own head pulled off and lying on the ground; though how he managed to see it, I couldn't exactly find out. However, in spite of this, he insisted on going first, saying that no man could avoid his fate, and that if there were evil hanging over us, it had better fall on him than me.

"However, the first day passed off without our meeting anything worse than mosquitoes, and I'm sure they were bad enough. The second was just the same; and towards evening, when we were pretty nearly through the jungle, I began to make fun of Andrei and his dream, when all at once his horse stopped short, and began to tremble all over, and then turned right round. Before any one could say a word, there came a crash and a roar, and a whirl of dust, and there lay poor Andrei on his face on the ground, with a huge tiger upon him!"

"I fired at the brute's head, but in my haste I only hit the fore-shoulder. Luckily, the man behind me was a cooler fellow; he took a steady aim, and hit the beast with a shot in the back that fairly broke its spine. Over it rolled, lashing out furiously with its fore-paws; and two more shots despatched it."

"Then we took up poor Andrei; but he was past helping. The brute had caught him by the back of the neck, and with one wrench of its jaws, had torn his head clean off; and so his dream came true, sure enough. Poor fellow! I was never so sorry to lose anybody. We made shift to dig a grave for him, and put a cross at the head of it; and then we took the tiger's skin as a trophy, and went on again."

"An hour later we came out upon the bank of the river, and my men encamped, glad enough to rest a bit after two days in the saddle. But as for me, what with the game we had bagged already, and what with my rage at poor Andrei's death, my blood was fairly up for more sport; and, as soon as we'd finished supper, I took my rifle and went off along the river bank, to see if I couldn't fall in with another tiger."

"Presently I came to a place that was just the very thing I wanted—a high bank overlooking the river, with a tree which I could easily climb growing a little way down it, and the tracks of the big game passing and repassing in every direction. Plainly enough, this was one of the places where they came to drink; so I scrambled up into the tree, laid my rifle across my lap, and waited."

"I had sat for half an hour or so without seeing anything to fire at, when finding myself getting rather cramped, I thought it best to change my position. I turned round to do so, and found myself face to face with the biggest tiger I'd ever seen in my life."

"There he stood, on the top of the bank, just level with where I sat, and certainly not ten feet off. The moon was

bright as day, and I could see the glare of his eyes, and the glitter of his great white teeth, as plain as I see you now; I could even feel his hot breath on my face!

"It's no use trying to make out that I wasn't frightened; I was as thoroughly frightened as I've ever been yet. So much so, indeed, that I couldn't stir hand or foot, but just sat like a statue; and that was what, in all probability, saved my life; for had he made a spring, he could have dragged me down as easily as a cat catches a mouse.

"How long we sat staring at each other I don't know—if any one had said a month, I'd have believed it—but this I do know, that I foreswore tiger-shooting in the most solemn manner twenty times over. At last, the beast turned his head, and walked slowly away; and I drew as long a breath as if I'd been five minutes under water."

"Well you might."

"As soon as he was gone, I came down from the tree; and what do you suppose was the next thing I did?"

"Roused your men, and went after the tiger, and shot him."

"You've hit it," says my friend, laughing; "and I've got his skin now, and a very fine skin it is. But I wouldn't go over that time in the tree again to be made governor-general of Turkestan!"

Our Theological Class.

SESSION EIGHT.

BY URIEL.

(Continued from page 118.)

WE will continue the subject of baptism by turning to the sixth chapter of Romans and the third and fourth verses: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Paul was writing to the saints at Rome who had obeyed the gospel and had been baptized by being buried in the water, or he could never have made such an expression. He makes a similar expression when writing to the saints at Colosse (*Col. ii, 12*). "Buried with Him in baptism." Pouring or sprinkling cannot be being buried, neither has it any likeness or relation to a birth or a resurrection, but immersion or being immersed, has.

It is a natural question, "What is baptism for?" Well, for two or three reasons. Jesus Christ was baptized for the fulfillment of all righteousness, showing, that no matter how good or perfect anyone may be, he is not exempt from this ordinance. He must be "born of the water." John the Baptist baptized with water unto repentance. But when the Apostle Peter preached that great sermon upon the day of Pentecost (*Acts ii, 38*), on this subject of baptism, he said, "Repent, and be baptized everyone of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Peter did not exempt any one, and he declared it was for the remission of sins. Now, if we wish "the remission of sins" we have to obey this doctrine or

we shall die in our sins. Herein is the condemnation of the world when they reject the gospel preached by divine authority. Jesus Christ said to His apostles when giving them His final instructions, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Now all who believed the apostles' preaching and were baptized, that endured to the end, received the remission of their sins and were made clean through the blood of the Lamb. But those who rejected the apostles' testimony, who did not believe were not baptized, consequently they died in their sins, hence came the condemnation or damnation. They died in their sins and found to their great sorrow the day had passed, the night had come and they were not saved. An awful position to be placed in. When God sends a message all are bound to obey or suffer the natural penalty of rejecting those principles that alone can save us from our sins. The Apostle Peter understood that baptism was a saving ordinance, for in speaking of the gospel being preached in the days of Noah and the baptism of the earth, when the inhabitants rejected the true faith, which was preached by the Prophet Noah, and were swept away from the earth and died in their sins, said, "The like figure whereunto baptism, doth now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God), by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." Mark "doth now save us." Whom? Those who had been "baptized into Christ," and "put on Christ," having this ordinance attended to by the divine authority held by the apostles and the elders, who were called of God in the days of Peter.

The question came up in the early rise of the Church of Christ restored in these last days, as to whether it was necessary for those who had been baptized by the sectarian priests to be re-baptized, some desiring to join or unite with the Church without re-baptism, who had previously been baptized. The revelation given on that occasion will be found in the twenty-second section of the Doctrine and Covenants, and sustains the principle that although a man may be baptized many times without legitimate authority it would avail him nothing, a very natural conclusion. Read, my young friends, "Behold, I say unto you, that all old covenants have I caused to be done away in this thing, and this is a new and everlasting covenant, even that which was from the beginning. Wherefore, although a man should be baptized an hundred times, it availeth him nothing, for you cannot enter in at the straight gate by the law of Moses, neither by your dead works; for it is because of your dead works, that I have caused this last covenant, and this Church to be built up unto me, even as in days of old." This agrees with the scriptures, "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all."

Now, it is no more to accept of this correct form of worship than to accept of a false form of worship, is it? Why should not all mankind worship the living and true God? Why should not all "fear God and give glory to Him," "and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water?"

It is to our individual interest to have an understanding of these principles, for we are individually interested in our present and future welfare. The science of theology teaches us these important principles by which we make a success in this life and secure our eternal lives in the future in the kingdom of heaven; and it is impossible for any one man to be more

interested in his own welfare than another. He may not see this to-day, but it is obvious. We are equally the children of God, heirs to the promise through faith and obedience. We become the sons of Abraham and the elect of God through our obedience to these eternal principles. Are we not all interested in ourselves? Can we benefit others unless we are ourselves benefited? Do not all desire happiness and is not there a sure and certain way of happiness? Most assuredly there is. Obedience to correct principles is a sure way to happiness and peace. These principles are very plainly and simply taught in the science of theology. But we have barely touched upon the first principles and desire, my young friends, that you should become converted to the necessity of the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. That you should be full of love, possessing faith, hope and charity, being temperate in all things that you may make an everlasting success in this glorious study. You have everything in your favor, born in the everlasting covenant, heirs to the Priesthood and promises of the fathers adopting these principles taught in the science of theology, you will naturally become gentlemen and gentle women and will establish a character by which you will become everlasting.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

EARLY LIFE IN THE VALLEY.

(Continued from page 123.)

IN writing back to Elders Hyde, Smith and Benson at Pottawatomic, President Young said that it was expected that the brethren would not have any occasion to bring any more breadstuffs than would be necessary for their journey, as those who were then in the valley would be able to raise all they would want upon their arrival. But instead of bread-stuffs they could bring dry goods, clothing, groceries; animals and fowls and seeds of every kind; nuts for planting, trees, shrubs and flower seeds of every kind.

By direction of Col. R. B. Mason, military governor of California, Col. J. D. Stevenson wrote to President Young that he was instructed to authorize Captain Jefferson Hunt to raise a volunteer battalion of "Mormons." He alluded to the "severe persecution" endured by the Saints, and attributed much of the prejudice existing in California to the exclusiveness of the Saints, as well as the bad reports which had preceded them; but he said that the intercourse with the men of the battalion since their arrival had dispelled the prejudices, and that having had occasion to visit all the prominent places from Santa Barbara to San Diego, he had found a strong feeling of respect entertained for the "Mormon" people, both by the native and foreign population, and an earnest desire expressed that they should be retained in service during the war and finally become permanent residents of that section.

After the arrival of President Young in the valley he called the brethren of the battalion together and blessed them in the name of the Lord for their fidelity to the kingdom of God. He told them it was not generally understood why the battalion had been raised. The Latter-day Saints had friends and enemies at Washington. When President Polk could do them a favor he was disposed to do it, but there were those around him who felt vindictive towards the Saints and kept

continually harping against them, and who thought themselves wise enough to lay plans to accomplish their destruction. The plan of raising a battalion to march to California by a call from the war department was devised with a view to the total overthrow of the kingdom of God and the destruction of every man, woman and child, and was hatched up by Senator Thomas H. Benton. The progress of the camp every day was reported in Washington. The enemies of the Saints firmly believed they would refuse to respond to the call, and they told President Polk this would prove to him whether they were friends to the Union; and they further advised the President that when the call would be rejected, to say to the States of Missouri and Illinois and the mobocrats: "the Mormons are at your mercy." When Captain Allen, who had been appointed by the government to call upon the Latter-day Saints to raise a battalion for the war, read his papers, the power of the Almighty was upon President Young and his brethren, and it overshadowed Allen, and he straightway became the friend of the people, and had he lived, President Young said, he would have remained their friend.

It was to the praise of the battalion, President Young said, that they went as honorable men, doing honor to their calling and to the United States, and he was satisfied with all of them. If some had done wrong and transgressed and been out of the way, President Young exhorted them to refrain therefrom, turn unto the Lord and build up His kingdom. Who could say, he asked, he was without sin?

President Young said, he felt glad that their conduct had proved to their commanders and generals that they were the best and most reliable soldiers; and although there were, perhaps, no people in the Union who would have responded to the call under the circumstances the Saints were in, still it was the best course they could have pursued. President Young further remarked that he saw the whole plan concocted as plainly as he saw the faces then before him, and he felt within himself that his faith in God would out-general the wickedness of their enemies. The battalion was formed, it started and the sword fell on the other side. If the battalion had not gone, they would not have been in the valley then. He alluded to feelings which existed between those who had been in the army and those who had not; such feelings, he said were wrong. His fellowship was as pure for one person as for another who had been preserved in the gospel covenants.

He said he did not want the battalion to re-enlist for another six months. He regretted that he did not have clothing for them; but he would rather wear skins, he said, than go back to the United States for clothes.

On the 8th of October, 1848, a general conference was held in this city, at which President Brigham Young was sustained by unanimous vote as President of the Church, with Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as his counselors. John Smith was sustained as Patriarch; Charles C. Rich as president of the Stake, with John Young and Erastus Soow as his counselors. Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, Lyman Wight, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, George A. Smith, Amasa Lyman and Ezra T. Benson were sustained as members of the council of the Twelve Apostles; and Joseph Young, Levi W. Hancock, Zera Pulsipher, Albert P. Rockwood, Henry Herriman, Jediah M. Grant and Benjamin L. Clapp, as first presidents of the Seventies. Newel K. Whitney was sustained as presiding Bishop. At this conference President Young delivered a discourse on the Holy Priesthood, in which he showed the necessity there was for a First Presidency over the Church;

"for," said he, "God has told me we would fall, if we did not organize a First Presidency." The conference adjourned to the 15th of October, at which time a letter to the Presidency of the Church, written from Chain Island, or Ana, in the South Pacific ocean, under the date of October 19, 1846, by Elders Addison Pratt and B. F. Grouard, and brought from there by Brother A. Pratt, was read to the conference. It gave a detailed account of their labors on those islands, and was listened to with great interest by the conference. Elder Addison Pratt also addressed the people; his remarks and the narrative of his labors were listened to with great gratification. It was voted unanimously by the conference that he should return to the Society Islands, accompanied by such Elders as should be designated thereafter.

On the 3rd of December, at a meeting held in the Fort, fellowship was withdrawn from Lyman Wight, one of the Twelve Apostles, and George Miller, Bishop.

The people of Great Salt Lake City suffered so much annoyance from the wolves howling at night, and from the depredations of foxes, catamounts and other animals that it was thought advisable to organize two companies of one hundred men each, John D. Lee and John Pack to be the captains, to destroy these wild animals. It was arranged that the company which should produce the most game were to be treated to a dinner at the expense of the other company.

(To be Continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

THE following, copied from an exchange, will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers, and will give an idea of the excellent facilities our law-makers have for acquiring information on any subject:

"The library of Congress contains 300,000 volumes, and is the largest collection in the United States. Some years ago the library of the Smithsonian Institution was merged with the Congressional library, and has now become a part of it. Ancient and modern history embraces the largest collection, containing about 100,000 volumes. Biography and travel stand next in order, with 80,000 volumes. The law department, with its 35,000 volumes, stands third on the list; and of poetry there are, at least, 20,000 volumes. The medical works present a front of 8,000; and the standard novels comprise a carefully selected list of about 5,000. No novels of a lower order than those commonly known as standard are allowed in this valuable collection. The books are allowed, by law, to be loaned out to the President of the United States, members of his cabinet, judges of the supreme court and the court of claims, the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives and the diplomatic corps in Washington. The same privilege is also extended, by courtesy, to many of the gentlemen employed about the capitol building and to the clerks of the various Congressional committees. To any other person, male or female, over the age of nineteen years, is accorded the privilege of going to the library and reading room at such hours as the room is open."

SAVED BY A BIRD.

It is not unfrequent to hear of persons being saved from drowning in the sea by catching some floating spar, or other buoyant article by which they are supported until rescued; but that a bird should be the means of thus supporting a human being is somewhat strange. Still such an occurrence really happened as related by the *Sydney Telegraph*:

"A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark, *Gladsstone*, which arrived here from London. While the vessel was in latitude 42° south, and longitude 90° east a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of 'Man overboard!' being given, she was rounded to, and the starboard lifeboat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but, owing to the roughness of the sea, he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies—the waves and the albatross—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge, white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings. Suddenly the thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support until he was rescued."

A GOOD WITNESS.

If all who are compelled to testify in court would only bear in mind the following incident, given by an exchange, and act in a similar manner, no amount of cross-questioning from lawyers would disconcert them:

"A boy twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said, 'Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?'

"'Yes,' said the boy.

"'Now,' said the lawyer, 'just tell us how your father told you to testify.'

"'Well,' said the boy modestly, 'father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; and if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time.'

ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN.

ALL the children of the Saints should know how to behave in company, for there is no one more annoying to well-bred society than a rude child.

We give a few simple rules which it would be well for every child to observe, who desires to gain the love and respect of its associates:

"Always say 'Yes, sir.' 'No, sir.' 'Thank you.' 'No, thank you.' 'Good-night.' 'Good-morning.' Use no slang terms.

"Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and clean finger-nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

"Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.

"Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or tables.

"Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading.

"Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room, where anyone is singing or playing the piano.

"Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell falsehoods, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds or animals."

Chapter for the Little Ones.

A LITTLE HERO.

IN a dark, dismal, cold garret, on a rude bed of straw, lay a little boy suffering with a most terrible hunger. He had been almost beaten to death by his father for not acknowledging and asking forgiveness for a theft of which his stern parent had accused him, but of which he was innocent; and now the father was trying to starve into submission he whom blows could not move. The boy's firm and only answer to the unjust charges was, "My heart chideth me with no such guilt done to thee, father; and, therefore, I cannot say I am sorry for it."

The four sisters of the hero plead in vain for the sufferer. Willingly would they have gone without food, could it have helped him. But no! the master of the house was determined to break the "stubborn will of the lad," and forbid the girls from even seeing him, much less from carrying him food.

The evening meal was spread. The father, mother and daughters silently ate their food. Sorrow filled each heart and brooded especially over the minds of the girls, each of whom, unknown to the other, thrust a piece of bread in her pocket when the heads of the parents were turned, with the thought to carry it to the boy, even though they thereby disobeyed the father's command.

All retired to rest but not to sleep. The parents were too sad and the girls too anxious. After lying still until each thought the others asleep, the children, one by one, arose, crept softly to the garret and deposited the morsel she had saved for the starving boy. Even the pet girl, the youngest one of the family, remembered her part. As she came to the place where her brother lay, she begged hard that he would eat from her hand what he had refused to take from the others. But he would not.

"It be wrong, Lena," said he, "to do anything against the father's bidding."

"Yea, I do know; but I could not help but bring thee this when thou art so hungry," cried the sister, patting him softly on the cheek; "come, eat, there's a dear."

"I would not touch it, Lena," said the resolute boy, "for all the money in the world; besides, I have got beyond the want of it, now."

"But *do* eat it!" the child implored again, breaking off a piece and holding it to his mouth.

"Listen, Lena!" said the boy, who was too faint to talk much; "dost thou call to mind that father did say I should not touch a crumb till I did ask forgiveness?" and, as the girl nodded, he said, "Well, then, I am not the boy to break his *last* command to me."

Footsteps being now heard below, the disappointed and sobbing child hastened to her bed.

The next morning the father went early to his son's couch, hoping to find him ready to yield. His hopes were vain. The boy, whose strength was fast failing, held out his hand, but could not say he was guilty of theft. As the man turned away, saying, "The sin be on thine own head! It is the last time I come to thee!" he saw the four untasted pieces of bread left by earthly angels' hands. He hastened to the kitchen, and, as his daughters clustered round to hear the result of his visit, he inquired who had dared to disobey him in carrying food to the disobedient.

"Each of us," spoke the oldest girl, "be guilty as the other, father. None of us could bear to think that our brother was starving in his room while we had plenty to eat at thy board; so we *all* did give him a share of our supper yesternight."

"Ye did, did ye—*all* of ye?" shouted the old man, "And thou darest to tell me this to my face, girl?"

"We would not willingly have wounded thee, sir; but indeed the bondage thou didst set upon us was too strong," was the reply.

"It was, my child!" cried the softened parent as he drew his child to his bosom, "and I love thee all the better for the sundering of it. I was a fool to think ye could have done otherwise. Ye have taught me a lesson that, mayhap, I should never have learned till thy brother had fallen a victim to the bitter tempter that has overpowered me. There, go ye to your brother, children—feed and tend him to your hearts' fill; and, moreover, tell him that he hath my forgiveness, even though he be too proud to think it worth the asking for."

Joyfully the maidens scampered off to gladden the heart of the suffering boy. Gradually he recovered under the watchful care of his faithful sisters; and, what his father was pleased to call stubbornness, in after years brought him into prominence and made his name known throughout the world.

That "stubborn" boy was none other than MARTIN LUTHER, the great and good reformer whose name is honored and memory revered by millions of people.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SOLOMON says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." There is great truth in this remark of the wise king. He had, probably, as extensive an experience as most men, if he did not excel the greater portion of the human family in his knowledge of human nature. We see the truth of the saying illustrated where children have received proper training. The question naturally arises, What is proper training? Is it to merely tell children what they are to do? This is only a part of training. They should not only be told what to do, but parents and guardians should see that they do that which is required. For instance, to merely tell a child to go to meeting and then leave him to stay at home, or play on the road, or go to meeting, as should suit himself, is not training. But when parents give their children instruction concerning attending meeting, they should see that they go to meeting and that they do not stop on the road to play during the hours of service.

It is well to teach children the importance of tithing; but to give them proper training, they should be taught to take the tithing and pay it, (such articles as they are able to carry) and if they earn anything themselves, their parents or guardians should see that they pay the tenth into the Lord's storehouse. In numberless ways can children be trained besides being taught. For instance, upon the fast day, nothing could more impress upon the child's mind the importance of the action than requiring him to carry the fast offerings to the Bishop's, so that he will see that it is a practical duty, and that his heart will be touched with feelings of sympathy for the poor for whose benefit the fast offerings are contributed.

Children should not only be taught that it is proper for them to go to Sunday school, but their parents should see that they do go. This is part of the training that they need. So with day schools and with every duty that devolves upon them. They should not only be told to pray, but they should be taught to pray and ask a blessing, and to attend to every duty that it is desirable for them to attend to.

Little boys, as soon as they are old enough to attend to the duties of a Deacon, should be instructed in those duties and ordained to the office of a Deacon, and as they grow older, be called to the office of Teacher, and the office of Priest; and after proving themselves in these offices and gaining the necessary experience, receive the Melchisedec Priesthood and act in the office of Elder. In this way we can train children in the way they should go, and when they are old, they will not depart from it. This is mingling the practical duties of our religion with the theoretical, or, in other words, faith and works.

ENMITY WILL CEASE.

BY S. F. ATWOOD.

IN the early settlement of Utah, rattle-snakes were more plentiful in the canyons than they are at the present time; and they were sometimes seen in the vicinity of Salt Lake City.

In the Summer of 1851, the first season after my arrival and association with the Saints in Zion, I went up Dry Canyon, north-east from Salt Lake City, for a load of wood. About one mile from the mouth of the canyon my team passed by a rattle-snake of medium size which was lying almost in the wagon track. While the team was passing, the snake shook his rattles and crawled up the side of the canyon without offering to bite. When the wagon came up opposite to where the snake had gone, I jumped off from the running gear and struck it squarely on the head with the but-end of a hickory whip-stock, thus killing it. In an instant, a voice from some source, not the voice of a man, but as plain to me as if it had been so, said, "For what did you kill that snake? He had given the alarm and was crawling away without molesting you or yours, and had done you no harm." I felt rebuked for what I had done, and a feeling came over me which I can never describe. Suffice it to say that I would have done almost anything to have been enabled to bring the snake to life again.

My reflections were of a peculiar kind during the rest of the day, for I had grown up from childhood with the thought, as most boys have, that it was right and almost a duty to kill every snake that I saw, whether poisonous or not. That there was anything wrong in doing so never entered my mind, for I had read in the Bible that the Lord said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." Then why this voice to me?

When I returned to the city, I related this circumstance to one of my neighbors who also told me something I had never heard before. It was to the effect that when the Saints were camped at Pisgah, on their way from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters, where rattle-snakes were abundant, several of their cattle were daily bitten by them. The men killed every snake they could find, but they seemed to increase faster than they could be killed, and more of the cattle were bitten. President Brigham Young, hearing of this, said that "Although enmity had been placed between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, the time will come when that enmity will cease, and it must cease with man first." He then promised the people that if they would stop killing the snakes, they, in turn, would cease to bite their cattle. The Saints did as he told them and his words were truly verified. But few of the cattle were bitten afterwards during their stay there.

I have traveled where rattle-snakes were quite plentiful, but I have never, to my knowledge, killed any of God's creatures unnecessarily since I learned that it was displeasing to our Creator to do so.

WHAT A POUND OF FLESH IS MADE OF.—An English chemist has been experimenting for the purpose of ascertaining how much of various kinds of food must be eaten in order to make one pound of flesh. He comes to the conclusion that it requires 25 pounds of milk, 100 of turnips, 50 of potatoes, 50 of carrots, 8 of oatmeal, 7½ of barleymeal and 3½ of beans.

CAPTAIN COOK.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, whose portrait is here shown, was born on the 27th of October, 1728, in the village of Marton, in Yorkshire, England. He was of humble parentage, and was one of nine children.

The rudiments of education were taught him by the village school-mistress. But when eight years of age he was sent to school at the expense of his father's employer, in a place called Ayton, to which the family had removed. Here young

servitude were ended, in the capacity of a common sailor. Eventually he was promoted to the position of a mate, on a coal vessel.

Cook afterwards volunteered to enter into the government's service. He was soon discovered to be an able and active seaman, and was given every encouragement. In the course of a few years he was appointed to take charge of a vessel, then about to make a voyage to America.

His services upon this and subsequent occasions proved very acceptable, and duties of importance were entrusted to his



Cook received instruction in the common branches of education.

At the age of twelve years he was bound an apprentice to a shop-keeper, in a fishing town. His employment at this place did not suit him. He had a desire to go to sea, and his inclination to be a sailor was considerably strengthened by associating and conversing with sea-faring men.

At last he determined to gratify his desire, and, having been discharged by his employer, he accordingly bound himself to serve seven years on a vessel employed in the coal trade. He continued for some time after his seven years of

execution. During his leisure moments he made use of his time in studying astronomy and acquiring such information as would be of service to him as a navigator. Between the years 1759 and 1767 he made several trips to Newfoundland, where he was engaged in surveying and taking observations. The valuable services which he rendered his country on these expeditions satisfied his superiors of his excellent ability.

On the 23rd of May, 1768, Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook was appointed to the command of the *Endeavor*, which was to make a voyage to the South Sea Islands for the purpose of taking astronomical observations during the transit of Venus

over the sun's disk. This was one object for which he set sail. Another object was to make an accurate examination of the Pacific Ocean, and to explore the Southern Seas.

After making the observation of the transit of Venus, Cook continued his labors of exploration and discovery. The voyage ended by his circumnavigating the globe; and he returned to his native land, laden with an abundant store of geographical and astronomical knowledge, as well as a great deal of information concerning the peoples, the animals and the plants found in the countries which he visited.

Subsequently another voyage around the world was undertaken by Captain Cook. At that time it was supposed that a southern continent existed, and previous to his first voyage it was believed that New Zealand and other islands that were but little known, were parts of this supposed continent. Although his first trip furnished sufficient evidence that these islands were not connected with any mainland, still the idea that a southern continent did exist was not entirely dispelled. The object, therefore, for which he was sent on his second voyage was to ascertain definitely whether or not a continent did exist in the southern hemisphere.

Captain Cook started on his second voyage with instructions to make a complete circuit of the globe in high southern latitudes, and to examine every unknown part of the Pacific Ocean.

From the time he left England to the time of his returning occupied some three years; he sailed some forty thousand miles, during which he made several new discoveries of islands, but found no southern continent. He felt fully convinced that none existed unless it was near the south pole, and inaccessible to navigation.

After his return to England from his second voyage, Cook expected to rest awhile from such perilous undertakings. A belief had been entertained for upwards of a century that a shorter route than the one then taken (around the Cape of Good Hope) to China and the East Indies could be found. Many expeditions had been sent out for the purpose of discovering such a course. Some had sought a north-west passage around the northern part of North America, while others had tried to sail along the northern coast of Asia. But all attempts had been in vain.

The admiralty felt rather delicate in again calling upon Captain Cook to make another adventure at such a great risk. But on account of his experience as a seaman, he was consulted in relation to the mode of procedure. Cook became so fired with the contemplation of the object which appeared to him so grand, that he volunteered his services, and was accordingly placed in command of the expedition.

If there was any possibility of finding an opening on the east side of America for this passage it was necessary to the success of the enterprise that there should be an outlet between the west coast of America and the eastern extremities of Asia. Cook was therefore ordered to proceed into the Pacific Ocean, and then direct his course northward, making such explorations on his way as would be beneficial to science and navigation.

After re-visiting some of the islands which were discovered during previous voyages, he proceeded on his course, when he discovered another group of islands hitherto unknown. To this group he gave the name of Sandwich Islands, in honor of Lord Sandwich, who had taken a great interest in the expedition.

Leaving these islands he sailed farther north and again returned. He made another attempt to proceed but was

forced to retreat. He anchored near the island of Hawaii for his last time. Although the natives appeared to be friendly up to this time, for some cause unknown to the crew, they became enraged and sought the captain's life. During a contention between the Europeans and the natives, on the beach, Captain Cook was killed by the latter on the 15th of February, 1779.

The natives of these islands say that when Cook visited them they took him for a god, and as such worshiped him, but finding out they were deceived, they killed him.

HOME.

WHAT is home? Is it some mythical ideality or some phantasmagoria of the brain, which, having no real existence, looms up in the imagination, luring with deceptive fascination the weak-minded? If not, is it some locality where we chance to be, where we exist, where our temporary residence is, though among strangers? If such there be who have no better conception of that sacred reality symbolized by the word home, they need to be commiserated. Life to them is half a failure. They will require another probationary existence ere they will be able to comprehend the ecstatic pleasure within the reach of mortals here below. Home does not consist only of a locality, a habitation, a farm, an estate, but the associations connected with our life. It is a living, tangible reality, around which hovers the tenderest recollections and the strongest ties of man's nature. Why do we love the old homestead where we were born? Because it was there a mother's loving care guided our early foot-steps and taught by her loving kindness to us, what it is to love. Why do we remember with deep emotion the shady grove and the streamlet and all the well-known places of interest near the old paternal habitation? Because it was there we played our childish games in mirthful abandon with our brothers and sisters. Why does our imagination clothe the unpretentious frog-pond with a degree of importance not in keeping with its appearance? Because it was there we launched our cork-cob ships and bated our hooks for craw-fishes in company with our playmates and upon its margin in imitation of its denizens we played at the undignified but invigorating pastime of leap-frog.

The emotions which swell the bosom of the son of the millionaire are no more intense or heartfelt when reverting to the scenes of childhood than are those of the child of the humblest whose youthful days were spent in a rude hovel surrounded with none of the luxuries that wealth produces, but whose early recollections are of the sacred motherly love and kind actions of associates which retain their impress when the tinsel and glitter of earthly riches have been forgotten. What holy and reverential feelings are awakened by the sound of the old home songs! Tender emotions and recollections of scenes of long ago, touching sympathetic chords we thought impervious to such weakness! And thus everything connected with our early life is surrounded and beautified by a halo of sanctity and the old home presents to our imagination the embodiment of all that is lovely, pure and holy. In maturer years we form new connections and a new kind of affection takes hold of us; conjugal and parental associations are formed, and we realize fully the great amount of love of which our hearts are capable; wherever these new-found objects of our affections may be, there is home. And though we may

be surrounded with the wealth and pleasures of the world, in the absence of those loved ones there can be no home.

How satisfying the contemplation that our common Parent has so ordered that to make our happiness complete we will be surrounded and cheered by the presence of the loved ones in the place which He has prepared for our eternal home.

P.

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 91.)

AT the close of the last chapter but one, I referred to my arrival at Cuttack, in which place I found Brother Meik. It was very pleasant to have the association of one of the household of faith, after having been separated from the society of my brethren for several months. I remained four days in Cuttack, during which time held two public meetings in Brother Meik's bungalow, which were sparsely attended.

A part of the *mangies* and coolies which I started to Sumbulpore after the timber, arrived at Cuttack, having with them one raft. The journey to Cuttack was very disagreeable, and when ready to return, my bearers concluded, for a change, to take a different route back, by keeping on the other side of the river. While on the journey to Manickpatna, I often wished we had followed our previous path. We encountered dense, prickly jungles which greatly annoyed the poor bearers, who had to repeatedly stop and doctor their feet, as described in a former chapter. When nearing the bay we found the low country submerged, the same as on the other route, and had to sound our way through the many lagoons we had to cross.

When we arrived at the Brahmanee river, a huge alligator lay sunning itself on the opposite banks. Having a revolver with me, as a means of protection against an attack from Bengal tigers, which infest the jungles, I fired three shots at the monster but the only effect they had was to make it plunge into the river.

I arrived at Manickpatna after an absence of two weeks, and resumed my unpleasant labors of instructing the natives in the construction of the vessel.

Having travelled through many native towns and villages in Hindostan, Bengal and Orissa, I made it my business to inquire into their municipal organizations and what title they occupied in the soil, etc. It may be in point at this stage for the information of my readers, to give a brief outline of how they manage, inasmuch they have not changed, materially, from time immemorial.

The kings, rulers, moguls and governments that have held sway in India, owned the soil. The cultivators of the land would never be disturbed from generation to generation, while they paid the revenue claimed by the government. A village may contain from five hundred to two or three thousand inhabitants occupying an area of arable and wild lands equal in size to a township. The villages are principally occupied by *ryots*, or farmers. As soon as a man arrives at a particular age, he is allowed a certain quantity of land, such as will occupy his time to advantage with the rude agricultural implements, which would make a young farmer in Utah sick to use. He

must make his labors profitable, in order to keep up the general revenue of the government, the chief support of which is generally derived from the productions of the soil.

Every village is a distinct society, the inhabitants of which are interested in the affairs of their own miniature republic—the labor of one contributing to the benefit of all. The office of the chief functionary of the village is called *potail*, and he has a general supervision of all the affairs of the town which comprises his jurisdiction, attends to the police force and settles all disputes that may arise among the people. He acts as a petty judge among them, rents the land and collects the revenues from those of his own village, and pays the amount due to the *zemindar*, whose jurisdiction may comprise a hundred villages; he pays it into the government exchequer, reserving a lucrative compensation for his services. This *zemindar* is a Persian term, introduced by the Mahometan conquerors in India, conveying the idea of a middle man, who occupies the position between the producer and the king or government treasury, which receives the greater part of the net produce.

The next in rank to the *potail* is the *curmum*, who keeps a correct account of all the produce raised, and the expense connected with it. *Tallier* is the name of the next officer in rank, who acts in the double office of grand jury and body guard; his sphere is to obtain information of crimes and offenses against the law, and to escort and protect persons travelling from one village to another. The duties of the *totie* are to watch the growing crops, and to estimate the amount likely to be raised which information is imparted to the *zemindar*, who in turn posts the government, etc. The boundary man of the village exercises functions similar to a county surveyor, who knows the limits of the village and gives evidence respecting them in cases of dispute. The superintendent of water courses and tanks, acts in the capacity of a water master. The school master instructs all the children of the village. They have no school house, the place of instruction to pupils is under the banyan or some other shadowy tree. Each pupil brings a piece of a mat, which he places on the ground to sit upon. The master teaches them to write upon palm leaves and on the sand with a cane pen. The village Brahmin attends to the worship. Another Brahmin acts as the astrologer of the village, and posts all the *ryots* in regard to the lucky and unlucky periods for sowing and thrashing. It requires to complete the organization of each town a potter, carpenter, blacksmith, cow-keeper, barber, washerman, poet, musician, doctor and dancing girl; all these perform labors in their line for the benefit of the whole. The doctor attends to all the sick of the village, the potter makes pots for all, the barber does all the shaving and the dancing girl performs all the dancing. During *pugas* and other celebrations the musician and dancing girl come into requisition, when all the rest of the villagers look on.

When each *ryot* has got his grain thrashed and the other fruits of the earth gathered, he contributes to the support of the village functionaries and others whose time is spent for the whole as follows: In behalf of the temple fund to support the priests who officiate, five *seers* are allowed, being about ten pounds weight. The same amount is allowed to mendicant Brahmins. The village Brahmin and the astrologer, one *seer* each. For the carpenter, blacksmith, barber, potmaker and washerman, two *seers* each. The book-keeper is allowed ten *seers*. Two *seers* for the measurer, and seven *seers* for the *crier* or news-man. The *potail* receives eight *seers*, out of which he furnishes the village sacrifices. The balance that

is left is divided between the *ryot* and *zemindar*: the latter after remunerating himself transfers the remainder into the treasury. The *ryots* share is very small.

A similar system was once in vogue among the Celts of the highlands of Scotland; no doubt it was brought about for the want of a circulating medium. To servants and dependents were allowed certain portions of land for their support. When a beef was killed for the laird's use, the head belonged to the blacksmith, and the udder to the piper; the weaver also had his particular piece and when every claimant had his allotted portion there was but very little left for the laird.

The people of India have lived under the foregoing simple form of government from primitive times. War, pestilence and famine have frequently affected the people, nevertheless the town boundaries remained about the same. The people gave themselves very little concern who were the conquerors of the country so long as the villages were unmolested. The invaders invariably made it their study to protect the bullocks, carts and utensils of the *ryot*, for from this fountain, they were well aware, they received their source of supplies to support the government in peace as well as in war.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

I AM revisiting the southern part of the Territory in company with President Taylor and a number of leading Elders. It brings back many old scenes and reminds me of events that took place long years ago. How the time has fled! It is now 34 years since I first passed through what is now known as Iron county. Parowan and Cedar City and other towns were not then in existence. There was one settlement south of Salt Lake, and that was Provo. Between Provo and our southern line, there was not a habitation of a white man. The country was untried. Manti in Sanpete Valley was settled directly afterwards. Now the whole country is filled with settlements and people, and every time I pass, it seems to me that I can see an increase in the young men and young women; healthy, vigorous, stalwart men, and healthy, comely, attractive young women. I remember that about where Spanish Fork now stands we camped and placed our pack saddles by our heads, and in the night the coyotes came up and ate the raw hide straps. Now, the coyotes are almost extinct, and the rabbits have increased so much in consequence that in Iron county, a few years ago, they had to resort to extraordinary measures to preserve their crops from their ravages.

God has fulfilled His promises made to His people when they came to these mountains. Let any one read the discourses of President Young and the leading men of those days, and he will plainly see foreshadowed in their remarks that which we now behold and much more that is yet to come to pass. If any one entertains doubt respecting President Young and his colleagues having the gift of prophecy they have but to read their predictions of those days in the light of present events and see how wonderfully they have been fulfilled.

There is one subject of great importance, which has been impressed upon us as a people more forcibly, probably, than any other since we came to these valleys—that is the subject of home manufactures. The recent prosperity, arising from the building of railroads and the influx of money into our settle-

ments has had the effect to draw the attention of many persons from this important matter. Of late we are having close times. People are complaining of the scarcity of money. Without money or its equivalent it is impossible to make purchases of imported goods. We shall, therefore, of necessity, if the present condition of affairs continue, be compelled to turn our attention to the manufacture of articles for ourselves.

At the present time the question with us on this trip is, can iron be manufactured in Iron county at prices that will enable the manufacturers to compete with the imported article? It is a question of great importance, and a committee, composed of influential, experienced men, has been appointed to examine and to decide upon the feasibility of the scheme. There is scarcely a doubt in my mind respecting it. I think it not only possible, but that it must be successful; that with the materials which we have in Iron county lying side by side—iron ores of great variety, coal of good quality, limestone and every other element necessary for the successful manufacture of iron—that we can make iron as cheap as any other people. Iron lies at the foundation of a great many industries. There would be no end of demand, scarcely, for it, if it could be produced in quantities at a cheap price. It is to-day one of the greatest wants we have. Manufactures of almost every kind would spring up in the various towns of the Territory if iron could be furnished at low rates. The money which goes out yearly for stoves for our Territory to pay for their first cost and their freight is almost incalculable. Then think of our nails and other articles which are manufactured out of iron and which can be produced in this Territory with great ease; for we have the skill here in abundance with which to make all these articles. It is to be hoped that the committee who have been appointed to examine and report upon this subject will be able to arrive at such a conclusion that they will be able to satisfy the people of the Territory, and to induce the judicious investment of capital for so worthy an object.

DOES IT PAY TO DO WRONG?

BY W. J.

WHO is there beneath the heavens that can tell the doings of a day among the children of men on this earth? Could we have the evil doings of all the inhabitants of the earth, for any twenty-four hours during the present year, placed before us in a tabulated form, what a terrible showing it would make! All the crimes committed by the children of Adam, during such a period, would present a fearfully sickening spectacle even to the comparatively good and pure among mortals; but such a spectacle, or sins of various forms and degrees, have been before the gaze of the heavens ever since the day when man first yielded to the tempter. No wonder that the heavens have wept! It is not at all surprising that "God is angry with the wicked every day!" We need not be astonished when we read of the destruction of the Antediluvians by a flood! And need we expect anything from His lips different from the declaration that He will "destroy the wicked as stubble," except they repent of their abominations?

Now, does it pay to do wrong? If a young man violates law so as to seriously injure his body, he will find it does not pay, for he will suffer in the flesh, and the older he becomes

the more acute his sufferings are likely to become. Should he sin and thus defile his spirit, though he may obtain a temporary gratification of a grosser passion, yet he will find it a miserably poor investment, for the results will be a darkened and a troubled mind, a sorrowful heart, self-condemnation, a consciousness of condemnation before God, and misery in life, which can only be assuaged and brightened by a speedy and genuine repentance, and a life of devotion to right and God.

Does it pay the thief to steal? He may be a common, vulgar thief who would condescend to steal a hat or a horse; or he may be an educated, respectable forger or embezzler who would aspire to steal one hundred, one hundred thousand, or one million dollars—no matter: what good would the hat, the horse, or the money do any one of them? This is an age of much stealing. Property owners are suspicious and alert. Detective ability is rapidly increasing. The telephone and telegraph are splendid auxiliaries in thief-catching. The hat-stealer may have to pay the price of many hats for the one stolen; the horse-thief runs the risk of long imprisonment or of being shot down in his tracks; the forger or embezzler is likely to be hunted down and punished according to law—*providing justice is done*—though years may elapse before it is accomplished; and when caught and convicted the reputation of each is badly shattered; but, whether caught or uncaught, each loses favor with the heavens, and welters under the condemnation of God; therefore, it does not pay.

The law of God to ancient Israel was: "Thou shalt not steal." This law is unrepealed. But the Lord appears to permit its violation in our day without visiting such swift vengeance upon the transgressor as formerly. Possibly He is allowing transgressors to ripen in wickedness and fill up the cup of their iniquity, until the time comes when He will pour out the vials of His wrath upon them, and none can escape the penalty of a broken law. In the days of Joshua, and not long after the law was given through Moses, Achan, of the tribe of Judah, stole a Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and fifty shekels of gold, and buried them in the earth beneath his tent. Probably this was a part of the spoil taken at the siege and destruction of Jericho. About this time Israel were defeated in an attempt to take possession of the Ai. Joshua was sorrowful. He enquired of the Lord as to the defeat, and was told that "Israel hath sinned." He told Joshua how to find the thief. Joshua did as the Lord commanded; found Achan to be the man who had stolen the articles named above; desired him to make confession of the deed. Achan did so; Joshua sent messengers to find the stolen property, and they found it and brought it to Joshua. Now, as Achan had made confession at the request of Joshua, was he excused, and the matter passed over lightly—with a promise not to do so again, a slight reprimand or something of that sort? No. The Lord had declared that he who was found guilty should be burned with fire, and all that he had. Therefore, Joshua and Israel took Achan, the stolen property and all that he had, into the valley of Achor, and Israel stoned him, and the destruction was completed by fire according to the word of the Lord. And certainly this was not profitable to Achan—it would have been better for him if he had never seen neither gold nor silver.

While Moses was in the mount, ancient Israel made and worshiped a golden calf in violation of the command which says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth—

thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." What was the result? Moses pulverized the golden calf, put it in water and made the children of Israel drink it. And Moses said unto the Levites: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses, and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men." Now, did this pay ancient Israel?

On one occasion a portion of Israel rebelled against Moses, and he told them that on the morrow the Lord would show them whom He had chosen to lead Israel. After they were gathered together on the morrow Moses said: "If these men die the common death of all men, or if they be visited after the visitation of all men, then the Lord hath not sent me. But if the Lord make a new thing, and the earth open her mouth, and swallow them up, with all that appertain unto them, and they go down quick into the pit, then ye shall understand that these men have provoked the Lord. And it came to pass as he had made an end of speaking all these words, that the ground clave asunder that was under them, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods. They, and all that appertained to them, went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them, and they perished from among the congregation. And all Israel that were round about them fled at the cry of them, for they said: Lest the earth swallow us up also. And there came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense." Many murmured on account of this destruction, and the Lord sent a plague among them, which killed fourteen thousand seven hundred, before it was stayed through an atonement that was made by Aaron at the command of Moses (*Num. xvi*). Now, did it pay Israel to do wrong? No; neither does it pay anyone else.

Many more examples might be found, but these must suffice in this brief article. Read correct history. Its pages abound with evidence which establishes the fact that wrong doers cannot escape retributive justice. They may not always meet its fullness in mortality, but the time will come when they will have to appear in a court which they cannot deceive, and in which they will be judged and rewarded or punished "according to the deeds done in the body"—then they will find that it does not pay to do wrong.

"It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right in heaven's sight,
Is always sure to bless."

WM. CULLEN BRYANT gave the following excellent advice to a young man who offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:—"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

NATURE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

(Concluded.)

AMONG fishes, we find that Nature has adopted a singular combination of danger and safety. For example, in almost every instance where fishes exist in the deep waters of the ocean, and are not of sufficient size to escape the jaws of their numerous enemies, they are possessed of enormous powers of speed, by means of which they can escape from the monsters pursuing them. When we find a gaudy-colored fish, which is not possessed of great speed in the water, we may be certain that its place of residence is in the immediate vicinity of rocks, amid the hollows and crannies of which it can readily obtain safety. Thus the parrot-fish of Africa, gaudy as a bird, is invariably found near rocks, as is also the gold-fish, and many others of the same class. Several species of fish, again, which are usually found near the shore, obtain safety by means of their similarity to the objects near which they are located, thus escaping detection just as many wild animals do by the same means. Among these, the flat fish, such as soles, flounders, and plaice, may be quoted as examples. When we find a fish which is brilliant in colors, not very swift in its swimming, and a denizen of the ocean, we may rest assured that the fish of which this creature is a representative abound in myriads; for the conditions are those which should exist to attract man and other animals to the shoals of fish whose numbers seem scarcely diminished by any onslaughts that are made upon them, as is the case with mackerel, herrings and sprats.

Again, the shell-fish of the sea, that have not the power of transporting themselves from place to place, will usually be found to possess the same color as the rock or soil on which they are located, whereas those whose colors are more attractive or brilliant can move from place to place, and thus select a retreat when any danger threatens them.

Amid the feathered creatures we find even more singular adaptations than among quadrupeds; for birds have in addition to the peculiarities already spoken of, the power of song, which varies considerably according to the locality and surroundings amid which the bird passes its existence. In the quiet groves of England, and on many parts of the continent, the nightingale, thrush, blackbird and linnet have a suitable stage on which to perform, and their soft notes are there heard to perfection, the gentle sighing of the wind amid the trees being merely an agreeable accompaniment to their sweet notes; but the finest vocal performance that was ever heard would be thrown away were it uttered amid the roar of ocean waves, or when the surf is thundering on the shore. Thus no sea-bird is possessed with song, but can merely utter a sharp shrill cry, audible to its mate even amid the dash of the storm-wave.

Those birds also whose brilliant plumage compensates them for the absence of voice, but render them conspicuous objects to the bird of prey, are usually inhabitants of forests or woods, amid the foliage of which they immediately seek a retreat when threatened by danger; while the partridge, lark and quail, residents of the open fields, and which do not reside in woods or forests, are given such plain garbs, but so well adapted for concealment, that as they crouch on the plowed field, amid its furrows, they are totally undistinguishable from it.

Here we again have an exact counterpart of the gaudy parrot-fish and the plain-looking sole and flounder: the one seeking a retreat among the rocks, as the gaudy bird does amid the foliage; the other lying flat on the sands, and thus

concealing itself, just as the partridge crouches on the plowed fields.

The shape of a bird's egg is another example of Nature's adaptations; for the curve there adopted is one which the architect might well copy when he requires strength for his arch; for thin as is the shell of an egg, still it will bear an immense pressure without breaking.

Thus it is a fact that all Nature is full of instruction, whether we examine the vegetable or animal kingdom; and as we are all capable of becoming observers, and of increasing our pleasures much as we increase our observation, so Nature becomes a delight to us, or a mere dull page, just as we direct our thoughts to these harmonies and beauties, or allow them to pass unseen before our eyes, or unnoticed by our senses.

Selected.

A MYSTERIOUS DOG.

BY J. L. R.

ELDER JOHN POWELL, in 1855, was sent by the St. Louis Stake of Zion, of which he was then a member, to Clarkston, Mo., upon a mission and to collect Church tithes. The broad Missouri lay between him and his destination, and for some time, he was at a loss how to cross it, but was finally taken over by a man in a small canoe which was made from a hollow log. The boat was so small that they had to sit quietly and row carefully to avoid capsizing. Arriving at the opposite bank Bro. Powell asked his companion the way to Clarkston, and was directed over the prairie.

Elder Powell walked all day without seeing any one. As evening drew near he became quite uneasy as the prospect seemed good for him to spend the night alone upon the prairie. There being no landmark upon the wide expanse to guide him, he gradually realized that he had lost his way.

Remembering his calling and whose work he was performing, he knelt down and asked God to guide him to some place where he could spend the night. The answer to his prayer came in an impression to go in a particular direction. He walked rapidly for some time and seeing no one, his faith slowly left him. When he had almost despaired of finding shelter, he saw a small clump of trees, from which came a large, black dog. Supposing the animal came from some habitation Elder Powell ran after him as quickly as he could and was nearly out of breath when he almost ran over a man, whom the gathering darkness did not permit him to see. This forcible introduction caused the stranger to say, "Hello where are you going?"

"The same way you are," was the answer.

While walking along, Bro. Powell asked his companion if he belonged to any religious body and was told by the stranger that he had been a "Mormon." Bro. Powell then told him who he was, and what he was doing. Arriving at the domicile of his new-found friend, Elder Powell was surprised to hear the man greet his wife with the words, "Wife, here is the Elder you dreamed was coming here."

These people treated the Elder very kindly and took him some distance upon his journey. The dog, above mentioned, was seen no more and Bro. Powell could not discover from where he came or where he went.

The Elder very correctly, ascribed the favorable termination of his experience to Divine interposition.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

BY J. H. W.

INFANCY.

FIRST soft and helpless, innocent and mild,
Smiles in her nurse's arms the female child;
Fresh from her Maker's hands, all pure and fair,
Unstained by sin, unruffled yet by care;
A stranger in this world of ceaseless strife,
Lovely and passionless her dawn of life.

CHILDHOOD.

Next see her seated at her mother's feet,
With eyes upraised, the glance of love to meet.
Speech partially unlocked, in silvery tone
She now essays to make her wishes known,
Now to explain her doubtful meaning tries
With mingled eloquence of lips and eyes.
Here the first sorrows of the child begin—
The slumbering passions waken from within;
Each in its turn its growing strength reveals,
Anger, and love, and grief she keenly feels.
She too will be mamma, and lull to rest
The mimic baby on her infant breast;
She too will dress, will cherish and sustain,
And guard her darling from distress and pain.
While plain to all, yet to herself unknown,
The future mother in each act is shown.
With graver look and melancholy air
She cons her lessons with reluctant care.
The book, the pen, the needle, all engage
The cares and troubles of the second stage.

MAIDENHOOD.

A third advances—plays and tasks are past,
And life's sweet summer brightly dawns at last;
Spring's lovely buds expand to fairest flowers,
And hope's enchantment gilds the sunny hours.
And, blind to all its shoals, and storms, and strife,
She enters on the treacherous waves of life.
Ah! sweet, confiding season! o'er your bloom
Why should the blight of sorrow cast a gloom!
The false will mock, the wicked treat with scorn
The noblest virtues which that life adorn;
The crowd shall mark with cold, invidious gaze,
And those will trample who should help to raise,
Till from the freezing glance of heartless pride
Its fair endowment's slighted worth will hide;
Or bitterer far, perchance is doomed to prove
The venom'd shafts of unrequited love.
At first her gentle heart by slow degrees
Listens to love's appeal—the fields, the trees,
All nature seems in loveliest aspects dressed.
Is there a purer bliss we mortals claim
Than lovers' walk in the calm vesper time?
O, happy hours! when free from carking care,
Eden returns to bless the young and fair.
She loves the moonlight and the evening hour,
The river's margin and the forest bower;
There wrapt in musing she delights to stray
And nurse the dream that o'er her soul has sway.
Sometimes 'tis hers, by struggling pangs oppress'd,
To hide the thorns that rankle in her breast,
With dying hopes to combat thronging fears,
And find a sad relief in gushing tears
This cannot last, and time with noiseless wings
Sweeps o'er her bosom and allays its stings,
And other hopes and calmer feelings brings.

WIFEHOOD.

Thus pass the first three stages of her life;
A fourth succeeds and sees her now a wife;
Yet not perchance of him who taught her heart
Its earliest love, or caused its keenest smart.
Forgetful of the wrong that has been given,
When happily wed she makes of home a heaven.
Man's nurse in sickness and his joy in health,
His aid in poverty, his pride in wealth,
Her heart the solace when his wounded mind
Flies for relief and finds it ever kind:
Where, when all fail him, he can still confide,
Its faith, like gold, more pure the more 'tis tried.
Though storms without on every side increase,
They cannot wreck the home of love and peace
Which on the rock of duty firmly stands,
While strife and folly perish on the sands.

MOTHERHOOD.

But now a period still more blest shall come,
And crown with joy the calm delights of home;
The sweetest era of the female life,
Which makes a mother of the happy wife;
And adds new strength unto that holy tie
For human happiness ordained on high.
As round their board the olive branches spring,
And love's dear claimants on their parents cling,
The mother sees beneath her anxious eyes
Her lovely hopes in fair succession rise.
The youngest, cradled on her fostering breast,
Smiles its delights, and softly sinks to rest;
Another darling with bewitching grace,
Hides in the slumber's robe his cherub-face,
As archly wanton, full of infant glee,
He laughs aloud, and peeps mamma to see.
A third, more active, boldly climbs her chair
And pleads his right each fond caress to share;
While a fair girl, who hangs upon her arm,
Rich in each playful wile and early charm,
In lisping tones her earnest wish has told:
That on her lap the baby she may hold.
The happy mother on her infant train
Gazes with transport which amounts to pain;
A smile of rapture on her lip appears,
But her soft eyes o'erflow with tender tears—
Tears which e'en watching angels might approve,
The holy weepings of maternal love.

WIDOWHOOD.

Blest in her duties, calmly glide away
The busy hours of life's meridian day,
Till time, advancing o'er the dial, flings
A darker shade, and that sad epoch brings
That mournful stage of comfortless distress
Which sees her now in widowed loneliness.
Consumed with sorrow and oppressed with care,
Only by faith she sees a lot more fair;
Only, as her glance on her children falls,
Living for them she earthly hopes recalls
From mingled feelings, tears her eyes o'erflow,
Blending the mother's love, the widow's woe.
Her toils and cares for them, that interest dear,
E'en robs of bitterness the falling tear;
'Mid trials she is strengthened, and her mind
Bows to the will of heaven, calmly resigned.

OLD AGE.

Slowly but sure life's sands declining flow
In ceaseless course what now remains to show
Of woman's days, when all has passed away
That charmed the young, the thoughtless and the gay,
And the fair fabric totters in decay;
When youth, and health, and strength, and beauty's beam
Appear like traces of some distant dream,
Of which remembrance almost seems to fade,
E'en from herself, who fondly once surveyed
The bright possessions, and, in raptured tone,
Exclaimed exulting, "These are all my own."
Now left of all—faint, feeble, pressed with age,
We mark the feelings in the last great stage;
The feverish hopes, the fears, the cares of life
No more oppress her with their torturing strife;
The restless tumults of her heart, to-day
Have passed with beauty and with youth away;
She, like some traveler who beholds the sun
Sinking before him o'er his journey's done,
Regrets not now to lose its noontide power,
But hails the coolness of the coming hour,
And feels a holy and divine repose
Rest on her spirit in life's evening's close
She in her children's children tastes again
Maternal pleasure and maternal pain;
To them imparts the knowledge years have given,
And points their hopes to soar with hers to heaven,
Although her eyes are dim in age's night,
Yet still more brightly burns the inward light,
Guiding her spirit by its sacred ray,
To cast its mortal thralls and cares away,
And wait its summons to eternal day.

ONE may be betrayed into doing things by a combination
of other circumstances which one may never have done other-
wise.

ENIGMA.

BY RIDDLE.

My whole, in letters, numbers just the same
 As number Daniel's kingdoms known to fame;
 My first is in error, but not in wrong,
 In which grew my whole till defiant and strong;
 My second's in law but not in equity—
 Not often now one—the more is the pity;
 My third's in Iscariot, and likewise in traitor,
 And both these terms fit my whole to a letter;
 My fourth is in Utah, but not in Kentucky,
 And neither desireth my whole—how unlucky!
 My fifth is in marshall, who, false to his trust,
 To Washington goeth, where answer he must;
 My sixth is in you, but not in me,
 As even a blind man might clearly see;
 My seventh's in ruler, but not in despot;
 My whole is the last, not the former, I wot!
 My eighth is in rumor, but not in dispatch—
 The first helped my whole much mischief to hatch;
 My ninth is in arrogance, but not in pride;
 My whole in the first of this couple doth bide;
 My tenth's in humility, not in conceit—
 The first bringeth honor, the second defeat.

A thing of beauty, boastingly, some my whole declare;
 But "pretty is as pretty does," though quaint, 's a maxim rare.
 Though lacking poets' grace my riddle comes to you,
 'Tis none the less prophetic, and the picture true.
 Would, for the honor of our nation's name,
 That it would not my whole as its delegate claim.
 The star, whose ray my whole would hide, shall rise:
 The union shall claim it as a glorious prize;
 While it shall guide, like Bethlehem's star,
 Our ship of state from scenes of war,
 Anarchy, misrule and dreaded despair
 To higher plane, and purer atmosphere.
 Then if my whole desires a name and place
 Among the nations, then that very race
 That meekly bore neglect and ills full sore
 Must speak the word that will my whole restore,
 My riddle please unriddle now my friend,
 For thus doth my rhyming and my riddling end;
 But your pardon I crave for writing a name
 So unfit to speak, so unworthy of fame!

UTAH'S FUTURE GLORY.

BY B. J. BEER.

All hail! all hail! bright occidental star,
 Shed forth thy glorious rays both near and far;
 The clouds will break that hide thee now from sight,
 Revealing to the world thy radiant light.

Fear not, fair star, ere long thy place shall be
 The foremost in Columbia's galaxy:
 In glory thou wilt soon begin to shine—
 Thy power the world will own to be divine.

The nation, soon, from which thou had thy birth,
 Will pay thee homage and proclaim thy worth;
 In songs divine the nations soon will sing,
 While loud hosannas through the mountains ring,

In praise to Him who rules in courts on high,
 Whose peaceful reign on earth is drawing nigh.
 Then baste the day when freedom's banner waves
 O'er all her foes then sleeping in their graves.

EARTH'S CREATURES.

FLEAS.

THIS is the beginning of a series of anecdotes and illustrations of animal intelligence. I shall try to make them as interesting and simple as possible, that my young JUVENILES may easily understand and get the full meaning. From each illustration a lesson may be taken; and we may learn that God has not forgotten the least of His creations, but endowed each with a degree of intelligence. Above all He has placed man, and it is marvelous to what degree of perfection the intelligence of man may attain. Some of the anecdotes related of this being, man, are almost incredulous—that is, scarcely to be believed. But I do not design to speak about him yet, but take first the lower and lesser of God's works. We will begin with the flea.

We perhaps all know the flea as a torment to man. These little animals can jump more than one hundred times their own length. They also are very strong. It is related of one flea that it was chained to a small cannon weighing twenty-four times as much as the flea, and yet it dragged the cannon about. At times the little gun was fired off, but the flea seemed not the least frightened by the "roar." It is also told of this insect that, at one time, an English workman made a little carriage of ivory, with six horses, a coachman on the box with a dog between his legs, and two gentlemen in the carriage. The whole was drawn by one flea. This much to illustrate the strength of this animal.

While I was in Germany a short time ago, I saw a fair. At such fairs as the one I saw all manner of things are performed and exhibited. In one of the booths was to be seen some fleas at work. There some were trained to draw a little coach, others to march, some wheeled barrows and did other things they had been trained to do, showing that even this almost insignificant creature has an intelligence which may be cultivated.

Now, a few words about the habits of the flea. As is known, fleas harbor amid dust, in the chinks of the floor in any place where it is warm and cozy. The mother flea seeks the food for her little ones, and pours the blood with which she has filled herself into their mouths. Thus the drop of blood she takes from us is nourishment for her young.

In our next chapter we will, perhaps, consider the spider.

UNCLE ZEPH.

If you will follow this rule you will save yourself many a headache: "Never bite till you find out whether it is bread or stone."

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